THE SABBATH SCHOOL VISITOR

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IN THE KING'S SERVICE.

He was only a ragged urchin,
And the great crowd passed him by—
Such sights were common in London,
And common too, was the cry
That ever arose, in the minor.
But he, with his grief so new—
The furniture gone for the rent
And the mother-face hidden from view—

Was sobbing alone in a doorway.
What was it that stayed the feet
Of one, from the many hundreds
That thronged the busy street?
Startling the boy with the murmur,
As a hand rests on his brow:
"Inasmuch as ye have done it—
'Tis a least one waits thee now."

Some questions, and broken answers—
Motherless, and no one to care—
Ah, well he knoweth the sequel,
Whose ending ofttimes is despair.
"No one to care! Why our Father,
He cares for us one and all.
Why, lad! without his knowing,
Not even a bird can fall."

Then simply he told of the Father,
Whose watchful love and care
Were ever about his children,
And guarded them everywhere;
And down in the sheltered doorway,
The two knelt, side by side,
Asking the Father to keep them,
No matter what might betide.

The voice that rose in petition
Had that day fired the world,
As over the heads of the commons
Its eloquent words were hurled.
Prime minister of Great Britain—
His voice had an humble ring,
As he knelt on the lowly pavement
To plead in the court of a King.

Jean Woods Koontz.

It is to be hoped that none of the Visitor girls who do simple every-day house-work ever feel that they are engaged in occupation which is beneath them. Everything that is really woman's work ought to be included in a girl's education.

A girl ought to know how to sew well enough to make her own clothes. She should be able to go into the kitchen—and go *cheerfully*, and cook—and cook *well*. I wonder how many girls there are in America who can make butter, who can make bread, cook, sew, paint, read and speak three or four languages, and who have also a knowledge of sculpture and are good musicians? Yet a writer in the *Ladies' Home Journal* says the princesses of England have been taught to do all these things.

Does the list frighten you? Well, you don't have to learn them all in one day, nor in one year. The way to grow into a wise, capable woman is by learning a little every day.

MARGARET'S GOLD LACE.

In these days a girl's time is usually so full that she has but few opportunities for the cultivation of fine needle work, but in our great-grandmothers' days it was considered a great accomplishment to excel in this art.

There was one young girl—Margaret Hutchison—whose knowledge of lace making saved her father's people from being scalped by Indians about the time the Revolutionary war came to an end.

Mr. Hutchison was an English gentleman who came to this country and settled in one of the New England States. After a few years he joined a new settlement on the Muskingum River. For some time after the family settled in their new home they were very friendly with the Indians. The red men came to see them frequently and the family soon became accustomed to their savage ways. But after a while these friendly visits ceased and for a long time not a red man crossed the line.

One day Mr. and Mrs. Hutchison went away, leaving Margaret in charge of the house and the children. The girl was seated at her lace making, when a chief of the Delawares and half a dozen braves walked into the room. From their broken English she soon learned that they had come in search of food and with the help of the maid she soon had a substantial meal set before them.

Margaret hoped that as soon as they had satisfied their hunger they would go away, but instead they stood around watching her deft fingers fashioning the beautiful lace. A roll of gold lace which Margaret had worked for a friend in England lay on the table. The chief admired this so much that Margaret gave it to him, hoping by this means to get rid of her unwelcome visitors. The chief was very grateful and soon went away, but not till he had made certain marks [illegible] the house.

Soon after a war occurred with the Indians and the most dreadful outrages were perpetrated upon the white settlers, but no harm came to the Hutchison family.

"That gold lace is pleading for us in the dark forest, and we are safe," said Mr. Hutchison to his wife when the news came of some fresh tragedy. "I believe those marks made by the chief have kept the savages from molesting us."

One day after peace had returned, the chief and one of his warriors appeared at the settler's door, leading by the horns a beautiful deer which they presented to Margaret. Pointing to the gold lace which he wore, the chief told them that it had stood between them and the scalp-

A SIAMESE BOY.

When the little fellow is born the priest-doctor hangs paper charms all around the room, and ties bits of cotton string about his neck, wrists, and ankles to keep off the evil spirits. As he grows older he is taken to the monastery and given to one of the monks to be his servant and follower, and in return for this the monk teaches him to read and write and count a little, and to repeat the simpler parts of the temple liturgy. When twelve years old his top-knot of hair is shaved off before sunrise by a priest, being told that if anyone but a priest should cut this lock of hair the boy would go crazy. A great feast is made, and all the relatives and friends, often including the whole village, are invited, and each one must bring a gift.

When he is twenty-one he enters the Buddhist priesthood himself, and that is another great occasion for feasting and merriment. The boy is supposed to give up "the world, the flesh, and the devil," his relatives and earthly occupations, and shaving his head and donning the sacred yellow robes of the priest he retires to the monastery to make merit, to meditate and grow holy. All Buddhist men expect to be priests sometime in this present life, as that is one step toward their future Buddhahood, and until they become priests they are called "green" or "unripe."

Many of these young men remain in the priesthood only a few months, and then come back to everyday life.

Next comes his wedding and the building of his house and the blessing of his fields if he is a farmer, or of his boats and fishing tackle if he is a fisherman. He seldom chooses his own wife or builds his own house, but depends on his parents for all these things, and, I am sorry to say, seems to continue to depend on them as long as they live, and to remain a boy until his parents are both dead and cremated.

MARY C. CORT.

AN ALPHABETICAL EXERCISE.

HERE is something from the *Christian Advocate:*

"How many things come on the table that begin with A?"

The children thought a minute, and one responded, "Apples," another, "Asparagus," another, "Almonds."

"Is there nothing else which we eat that begins with A?"

No answer.

"Well, look it up after dinner.'

"What do we eat that begins with B?"

A simultaneous shout, "Beef," then "Bananas" and "Butter," "Beans," "Bread," followed in quick succession.

"Now, I want you to make up lists of all the articles of food used by us or any humans except cannibals. You may hunt through the cook-books, through the dictionary, through the botany, through the encyclopædias and books of travel. Put each list under its appropriate letter, and at the bottom of each list the number it aggregates; then the sum of the whole. We shall then see on what the human race subsists. The one that gets the longest list is to have a prize."

Right after dinner the children made little blank books, leaving a page for each letter of the alphabet, and set to work on their quest. It couldn't be concluded in half a day or half a year, but it was decided that in three months they should compare notes and see which one had made the largest aggregate. The books were a curious study when they came in.

If any one thinks this exercise is not interesting, [illegible] page in it and see.

WHEN I WAS A BOY.

"Yes, yes, I had tough times when I was a boy," exclaimed grandfather. "I had a stern father."

"So had Frederick the Great," remarked John, who loved history.

And, indeed, you will think he was something more than stern if you read the story of the boyhood of Frederick the Great.

That he should become a soldier was his father's one ambition for the boy. When he was born his father was so overwhelmed with joy that "he was like to have stifled him with caresses."

When Fritz was six years old his father had a military company organized for him made up of three hundred boys. Fritz was thoroughly drilled and put into uniform. When he was seven years of age he was taken from the care of his governesses and placed under the teaching of renowned military officers. From his early childhood his father insisted upon taking him to all his military reviews; they went from garrison to garrison in a vehicle called a sausage car. This was a stuffed pole ten or twelve feet long, upon which they sat astride; it rested upon wheels, and upon this, with the other riders, the boy who was destined to endure hardness like a soldier, rattled over the roads in summer and winter. His father would not allow him the natural hours of healthy sleep. He said, "Too much sleep stupefies a fellow;" forgetting that he was such a *little* fellow.

When he was two years of age his father wrote for him a set of rules that left no hour of day or night his own, covering even the resting hours or holiday hours of Sunday. He was very handsome, having a fine figure, and hair blonde and flowing, like a girl's; his father ordered his beautiful hair to be cut, and denied him every toilet luxury.

The king was like the Highland chief who kicked the snow pillow out from under his son's head, saying that too much luxury would make him delicate.

Strangely enough the king, who had rejoiced at the birth of his son, soon manifested to the boy an aversion that grew into hatred. As Fritz was much loved by his mother and sister, Wilhelmina, the wrath of his father was visited upon them, because they were on the boy's side, and would have sheltered him from his father had it been in their power.

At fourteen years of age he was appointed by his father as captain of the Potsdam Grenadiers. This regiment was composed entirely of giants; the shortest man was nearly seven feet high, and the tallest nine feet in height. If any young woman of unusual height was found in the kingdom she was compelled to marry one of these giants. The guards numbered twenty-four hundred.

When Fritz was sixteen years of age his father, who did with him as he would, took him to visit an exceedingly wicked man, Augustus, King of Poland. And there, at this court, the sixteen year old boy in four weeks learned ways of dissipation that have left an indelible stain upon his life, and which poisoned all his future.

The king's dislike of his son now became hatred; he was confined to his chair with gout, and more than ever he was a despot in his own household. Had it not been for his love for his beautiful sister, Wilhelmina, Fritz would have made his escape from home. Sometimes the old man would snatch the plates at dinner and throw them at the heads of Wilhelmina or Fritz.

In the eyes of his father the offences of Fritz were so great that he openly exposed him to contempt even in the presence of others, flogging him with his rattan.

He treated him with insult in the presence of the highest dignitaries of Europe; once, after raining blows upon his head, he exclaimed, "Had I been so treated by my father I would have blown my brains out. But this fellow has no honor. He takes all that comes." But at last all that came was unbearable, and Fritz made ready for flight. He decided to escape to the Hague and take the name of the Count of Alberville. He had set out with his father to take a journey to the Rhine. When near Augsburg, just after midnight, he made his way out to the village green, there to meet his valet with horses; but there he was discovered by one of the king's guard, although in the disguise of a red overcoat, and forced to retire to his own quarters. He was put in care of three of the guard, and if the prince escaped they were to be put to death. As he held the rank of colonel in the army, by decree of his father, he was declared a deserter, and under sentence of death.

Frederick William, by a courier, sent the following dispatch to the mother of Fritz:

"I have arrested the rascal, Fritz. I shall treat him as his crime and cowardice merit. He has dishonored me and all my family. So great a wretch is no longer worthy to live."

Fritz was conveyed to the castle of Mittenwalde, and confined in a room without bed or any furniture. Here one of the king's ministers was sent to extort a confession from him, threatening the rack. Fritz said to him: "I ought not to degrade myself by answering the questions of a scoundrel such as you are."

The next day he was sent to the fortress of Cristrin, *seventy miles from Berlin.*

For months the prince of nineteen in solitude awaited the mercy of his merciless father.

The strong, dungeon-like room in which he was incarcerated consisted of bare walls, without any furniture, the light being admitted by an aperture so high that the prince could not look out of it. He was divested of his uniform, his sword, and every mark of dignity. Coarse brown clothes of plainest cut were furnished him. His flute was taken from him, and he was deprived of all books but the Bible and a few devotional treatises. He was allowed a daily sum amounting to twelve cents for his food—eight cents for his dinner and four cents for his supper. His food was purchased at a cook shop near by and cut for him. He was not permitted the use of a knife. The door was opened three times a day for ventilation—morning, noon, and night, but not for more than four minutes each time. A single tallow candle was allowed him, but that was to be extinguished at seven o'clock in the evening.

Strangely inconsistent, the king, who appeared to have no appreciation of what a father's love was like, and could not, in any degree, understand how God so loved the world, expressed great anxiety for the salvation of his boy's soul.

In after life Fritz became an infidel. How much that unnatural father had to do with this unbelief only God knows.

The king had promised that his life should be spared if he would acknowledge his guilt. After months of suffering and solitude, the prince took an oath of submission to the king and wrote a letter of apology to his father.

Even this humble appeal did not entirely remove his father's wrath from him. He was still compelled to live in a poorly furnished house, allowed to wear his sword, although his uniform was forbidden, kept from all amusements, and his flute, of which he was fond, not returned to him. He was constantly watched by three persons. After a time, through the intercession of his sister, Wilhelmina, he was taken back to his father's house.

All these years, do you not wonder what the dear words, "Our Father" meant to the king?

A SUGGESTION TO TEACHERS.

If teachers mean by examination
To show the scholars' information,
Why do they carefully seek out
Such difficult things to ask about?

These are the questions, as a rule,
The teachers ask us in our school:
"What's the time in the Congo State
When Persian clocks are striking eight?"
"Halve the square of seventy-three,
And what will a tenth of sixteen be?"
"What was the reason Charlemagne
Sent his great-grand-aunt to Spain?"
"Explain what came of the Gothic war,
And what the Turks were fighting for
When Venice conquered Charles Martel,
And ancient Constantinople fell."
"Name the products of Peru,
And all the rulers of Timbuctoo."
"Point out the errors in the words,
'Green cheeses ain't not made of curds;'
'Him was not the friend of he;'
'He hadn't ought to written me.'"

Now, for instance, we'll suppose;
They wish to show what a fellow knows:
Then they'll be glad of a few suggestions
As to a set of *useful* questions.
"What did one Columbus do
In October, 1492?"
"Will some bright scholar kindly say
Which is 'Independence Day'?"
"What little girl will be so candid
As to tell us when the pilgrims landed?"
"The war of 1812, my dear,
Was fought in what particular year?"
"Kindly tell us, if you will,
What nations fought at Bunker Hill?"
"*Who cut down a cherry tree,*
And helped to make a nation free?"
"*Name a certain English queen*
Who still upon her throne is seen."

If teachers only had the tact
To hit upon the proper fact,
Recitations then would be
More creditable to them and me.

—*St. Nicholas.*

THE DAY HELP CAME.

NORAH took up her basket to go after peat as usual, but her thin hands trembled as they fastened the little shawl about her neck. It was better to get out into the sunshine than to sit in the little cabin and watch her sad-faced mother rock the wan, moaning baby. The heavy lids scarcely lifted from the baby eyes to-day, and soon they would never lift again. How unlike the poor, puny little creature was to the rosy, laughing Tommy of a few weeks before! The hot tears sprung again to Norah's eyes as they had done so often in these weary weeks, but she pressed them back and called to her little sister:

"Come, Maggie, we'll be goin'."

The mother looked up at the words. "Ye needn't be botherin', Norah," she said, "It's not sufferin' from cold we'll be an' there's little nade for fire to boil the pot whin there's nothin' to put in it."

"Mebby we'll be wantin' it if betther times come"—began Norah, but stopped as her mother drearily shook her head.

The famine lay heavy on poor Ireland, the potato crop had failed for successive seasons, and hunger and suffering were everywhere. Many of the humble homes were, indeed, worse off than this one, for here there had been at least a scant supply of food, and death had not yet come. But the worst could not be far off now, Norah knew, for the baby was dying for what they could not give. Oh, how she had prayed for the help that did not come! She had learned to look away from picture and saint to the dear Lord himself, and could He fail to answer?

"Sure if I'd asked any o' thim I used to pray to, I'd think they might have forgot, or be too late, but the Lord Jesus can't," mused poor Norah, with eyes turning again toward the far-off sky, "I know he hears."

Vainly she tried to communicate her faith to her poor mother. The despairing woman only shook her head. Priest, rosary and picture of the Virgin were alike powerless, for she had knelt before them all, and she scarcely heeded Norah's words.

"I'm thinkin' its no good to pray; there's none to hear," she said, her eyes hot and tearless.

"Bring Tommy out in the sunshine, it might be helpin' him," urged Norah, unwilling to leave her there alone.

The mother wrapped a shawl about her baby and silently followed the two children out of the village and down to the beach. Afar off was a little cloud of smoke that drew nearer until the outline of a steamer could be dimly seen. Norah thought of the father in a distant land and wondered if it were possible that help might come from him. But letters were few and they had been slow to tell him how troubles had deepened around the home since he went away.

"Do ye think," said little Maggie, her hungry eyes gazing over the water, "do ye think it can be bringin' us anything?"

"Nothin' can bring us anything now, ye naden't think it," the mother answered drearily. "Och, me baby!"

Norah's lips uttered no word, but her heart whispered: "God can; I *know* he can!"

An hour later the whole village was in a tumult of joy. Some one came to the door of the cabin where the mother sat, and shouted the glad tidings "The ship that's comin' in is from Ameriky. God bless her! An' she's loadened down wid male an' flour, an' the like, for all of us."

"It'll be too late for me baby," said the mother, yet her eyes grew eager.

But so prompt were the measures taken, so swift and wise was the distribution that every home in the place had food by night-fall, and the baby's life was saved. The hardest times were over, and Norah says trustfully:

"Sure we've learned they can never be so hard that the Lord can't send help."

KATE W. HAMILTON.

BIRD MESSENGERS.

PIGEONS are children's pets and it is their delight to watch the pretty little creatures pick their way daintily about cooing softly to each other. Did you ever think what useful little creatures they have been and are to-day?

In one particular all pigeons agree,—they love their home and will return to it if possible though miles away. Noah must have known this when he first used one to bring him a message while in the ark. This is the first case we know of, but later the Greeks were the first nation to use pigeons as messengers, and they gave the knowledge to the Romans about 120 B. C., and for centuries the gentle little creatures were used as the swiftest way of communication.

Five hundred years ago, before Columbus started out to find a home for us, the Turks established a sort of telegraph system by erecting high towers at distances of thirty or forty miles. These towers were provided with pigeons and sentinels were constantly on hand to watch for messages brought and to send them on. The time of arrival and departure of each bird was marked at each tower and a duplicate message sent on a few hours later to make its delivery sure.

The message was written on a thin slip of paper and enclosed in a small gold box and suspended from the pigeon's neck. This was the safest way, but sometimes it was merely wrapped in paper and to prevent the birds from stopping to bathe on their way and so injuring the message, their legs were bathed in vinegar to keep them cool.

The more modern way adopted by the French was to enclose the message in waxed paper and attach it by strong twine to the largest tail feather. The pigeon was sometimes annoyed by this and would peck at it and destroy the communication, so later it was inserted in a small goose quill which was punctured at each end and tied by waxed silken threads to the strongest feather of the tail.

The muscles are very strong and vigorous and so the birds are able to continue a long time on the wing without fatigue. The average rate of travel is from forty to forty-five miles an hour. There is one bird recorded as travelling one hundred and sixty miles an hour,—faster than most of us would care to go in a railroad train.

The Germans were among the first to establish military pigeon lofts and their system is now the most complete in Europe. The large fortresses have from 400 to 600 well-trained birds.

Numerous instances occur in history, as in the siege of Paris, where pigeons have made themselves invaluable, being sent up in balloons and then liberated.

Perhaps the very latest is the taking of a number of pigeons to Greenland. On Lieut. Peary's boat, the Falcon, when he sailed for the frozen north was a dove-cote containing twenty homing pigeons. It was to be set up at the winter headquarters and the birds domesticated so that when Lieut. Peary started out on his journey over the ice-cap in the summer he could send back messages to his wife. It is thought the pigeons can be easily acclimated, as they are hot-blooded and are said to grow a warm feather under suit when needed.

M. LOUISE FORD.

There is no beautifier of complexion, or form, or behavior, like the wish to scatter joy and not pain around us.

GOLDEN DEEDS.

Two Swiss lads climbed up a craggy peak that was considered inaccessible, and had never before been trodden by human feet, that they might obtain the eaglets in a nest up there and sell them to purchase medicine for their sick father. The father was ill. The medicine and care he needed were beyond his limited means. The boys had heard of an English traveler who offered a large sum for a couple of eaglets. Nothing was too much for the boys to undertake to try to save the life of their dear father. The rocky precipice was scaled, the birds were captured and safely conveyed to the traveler, the gold was received in return, and the father's life was saved.

A patient, while in a low, nervous condition, swallowed by mistake a dose from the wrong bottle. She shrieked that she was poisoned. One of the nurses screamed "aconite!" and began to cry. Another nurse, seeing that the patient was going into convulsions from terror, said, coolly:

"Don't be frightened. Look here," taking a mouthful of the dose herself. She then went outside to rid her mouth of it, procured an emetic, and sent for a doctor and a stomach pump. Her calmness and promptness saved the life of the patient.

A fire occurred in a crowded hall in a Southern city. The audience caught a glimpse of a blaze behind the platform. Everybody shrieked and began to rush for the doors. A lady in a room off the platform seized a sheet of music, and coming forward, bowed calmly, smiled, and began to sing. Her steady voice and smiling face convinced the panic-stricken people that there was no danger. They stopped and settled quietly into their seats. The fire was put out. A fatal panic was averted by a brave heart and a cool head.

A CURIOUS EMBLEM.

DID you ever hear of a kahili? It is the Hawaiian emblem of rank, and is made by fastening a bunch of feathers to the end of a pole. It is held feathers uppermost, and looks something like a big feather duster. They are of all colors and designs, and the rich tints are often dazzling as they are carried in pomp and splendor in some great procession. They may be red, white, gray, black, yellow, or feathers from the peacock. The yellow ones are made by taking from underneath the wing of a bird called the oo a yellow feather, only one being found under each wing, and so of priceless value. The royal robes are made of these same precious feathers. Sometimes the kahili has a handle made of human bone, but usually it is of beautiful [illegible] wood, highly polished, or wrapped about with different colored ribbons. Sometimes as many as one hundred and twenty-five kahilis will be used in a funeral of a royal personage, being waved above the casket or carried in state by its side. M. I. F.

"You are very old," said a merry little girl to a gray-haired man, "but I am very new." "Yes, you are very new. But do you know that a stain shows very plainly on a new dress? So you must look out not to get the stains." Some of our little readers are quite new. But you are not so new that there are no stains on your soul. Bring these at once to Jesus, and have them washed away.

A GOOD HUNTING DOG.

"THERE are several kinds of hunting dogs," said the governess, one day, to the Kyle children, as they were looking over some pictures of dogs; "the most useful, perhaps, being the pointer and setter."

"What is he called a 'setter' for?" asked Malcolm. "He doesn't set like a hen."

"No," laughed the young lady, "but he sets like a dog. In hunting a pointer will suddenly stop short when he sees the game, no matter how fast he may be running, and will look exactly like a marble dog instead of a real one. He holds his breath and points with his nose toward the game, and if the bird runs he creeps after it slowly and carefully, so as not to start it up too soon. The setter dog, as soon as he sees the game, gets right down in a heap on the ground, as if he were going to make a spring. The hunter, you see, who is constantly expecting this, can take aim just at the moment his dog points or sets, and therefore you can understand just how useful such a dog is."

Many other new things are told about the most common and best known animals in "Home Animals," from which the above is taken. The book is published by the Presbyterian Board of Publication, price, $1.15.

A TIRED LITTLE MOTHER.

DR. DIO LEWIS has told this story. He was traveling in the west and came to a ranch, the owner of which showed him a shepherd dog which he said he would not sell for five hundred dollars. She had at that time four young puppies. While they were admiring the little mother and her babies, the assistant herder came in to say that there were more than twenty sheep missing.

Two dogs, both larger than the little mother, were standing about, but the herder said neither Tom nor Dick would find them; Flora must go. It was urged by the assistant that her foot was sore, that she had been hard at work all day, was nearly worn out, and must give her puppies their supper. The master insisted that she must go.

The sun was setting and there was no time to lose. Flora was called and told to hunt for lost sheep, while the master pointed to the great forest through the edge of which they had just passed. She raised her head, but seemed very loath to leave her babies. The master called sharply to her. She rose, looked tired and low spirited, and with her head and tail down trotted wearily off toward the forest

"That is too bad," said I.

"Oh, she'll be right back," was the answer. "She's lightning on stray sheep."

The next morning I went over to learn whether Flora had found the strays. While we were speaking the sheep returned, driven by the little dog, who did not raise her head nor wag her tail, even when spoken to, but crawled to her puppies and lay down by them. She had been out all night, and scarcely able to notice her babies, she fell asleep.

How often that scene comes back to me! The vast, gloomy forest, and that little creature with the sore foot, and heart crying for her babies, limping and creeping about in the old canon, all through the long, dark hours, finding and gathering in the lost sheep.

Tangles to Unravel.

In the first number of the VISITOR each month, readers will find one or two puzzles in this last column. Answers will be given in the first number of the following month.

1. BURIED PLACES.

What a fine color adobe clay is!
Make Urban go round by the store on his way home.
Sambo stoned the boys who teased him.
High art for dull boys is a waste of time.
A Kodak! Oh, take it to sister Lutie.

2. BEHEADINGS.

Behead a part of the head and leave something we could not live without.
Behead a concussion and leave a liquor.
Behead to long and leave to gain by labor.
Behead to scream and leave a yard and a quarter.
Behead part of the neck and leave an animal.

3. PI.

Who thod het tillet yubs ebe,
Pomveri chae hingnis uroh,
Dan thager yenho lal eth ady
Mofr yerev pigneno wolfre.

Answers to puzzles in May number:

1. Cap, nap, gap, sap, hap, map, lap, pap, rap, tap.
2. "Time and tide wait for no man."
3. Rat, ape, rabbit, bear, mink.

Let your manners at home be a little better than they are abroad.

"By thine own soul's law, learn to live;
And, if men thwart thee, take no heed,
And, if men hate thee, have no care—
Sing thou thy song and do thy deed;
Hope thou thy hope and pray thy prayer,
And claim no crown they will not give."

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